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MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

Collected and Edited by
KURT SCHINDLER

◆

The English versions by George Harris, Jr.,
Deems Taylor, Sigmund Spaeth and Kurt Schindler

◆

Vol. I. Twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky

Vol. II. Twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Rimsky-Kórsakoff, Borodíne, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff.

◆

Paper edition, $1.25 net each volume
Both volumes bound in one in cloth, gilt, $3.50 net

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

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long as three years ago, is an attempt at the complex task of saving as much as possible of the Shakespearian original in the adaptation. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Harris have given their work, either independently or "in general council," with a patience and self-denial which—as long as the public would otherwise not even surmise it—I desire herewith to acknowledge with my profoundest thanks. The growth of this book has been slow; it was planned as long as four years ago, after the success of "A Century of Russian Song;" was almost finished and translated in the Spring of 1914—only to be recast and retranslated to a great extent after my trip to Moscow in 1914, where a thorough investigation at the source of all the published Russian songs impressed me with the necessity of altering certain selections.

Most of the songs will be new to the general public; a few have already become known by being sung in French—for which there is really no excuse before an English-speaking audience. Only Mr. George Harris, Jr., the established pioneer for Russian music among American singers, has presented some of these lyrics from time to time at his recitals, as he did likewise in a lecture on Russian Music at the National Arts Club of New York, Dec. 28, 1914, at which the editor of this book addressed a very numerous audience on the main characteristics of the Russian art-song—as outlined in this preface.

One feature of that evening was the deep impression produced by Rachmáninoff-Mereshkóvsky's lyric, "The Lord is Risen," which, under the pall of the world-war just beginning, seemed to preach such a remarkable sermon. Almost three years have elapsed since then, and the fervent outcry speaks even louder and more penetratingly, with its Russian Easter-greeting:

"The Lord is risen!" His praise is ringing,
But in my soul is naught but shame.
Blood fills the world and tear-drops stinging,
And at the altar this loud singing
Seems like an insult to His name.
And should He choose the worthy from us
Who should eternal light attain,
He would but find: Hate has o'ercome us
And brothers wrangle, to His pain;
And should He come to where is ringing
"The Lord is risen" from one and all,
Before the host what tear-drops stinging
Would fill His sad eyes, at our fall!

New York City,
August 31, 1917.

KURT SCHINDLER.

27750

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INVOCATION

To Russia

(Zapyévka)

Poem by L. Mey
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Mili Balákireff

Andante (♩ = 88)

Voice

Piano

quasi Oboe

p

p

Now 'tis time for

pp

p

thee to spread thy wings, O Rus-sian song! Song of hap - py ti-dings, con -

p

p

- - quer-ing and plen-ti-ful! Song of cit-ies great, of vil - la-ges and

p

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pocо a pocо agitato

mf

roll - ing fields! Song, slow nur-tured in_ the stress of storm and mis - er -

pocо a pocо agitato

pocо a pocо rit.

f

ff Adagio

y! Rus - sian song, in red blood and tears bap - tized art thou,___

pocо a pocо rit.

f

ff

f

mf

p

Tempo Iº

And_ wash - ed clean!___

quasi Oboe

mf

p

p

p

pp

p

Now 'tis time for thee to spread thy wings, O Rus-sian song! Not a -

p

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lone hast thou ma-tured and be-come thy glo-rious self: Brought from

mf poco a poco agitato

des-ert plac-es, thou art white with snow and rain, Thou art ris-en from the

poco a poco agitato

mf

poco a poco rit.

f

Adagio

p

ash-es of our burn-ing homes, Thou art ris-en up from our dark

poco a poco rit.

f

p

pp

graves, In whirls of snow!

pp

p

pp

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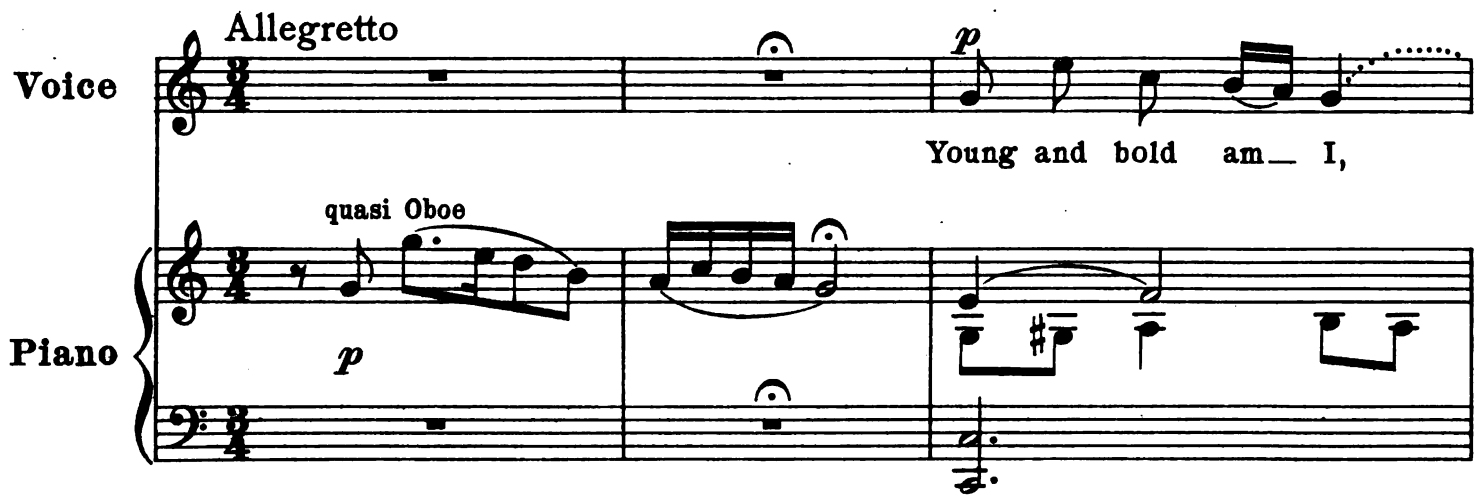
The Call of Freedom

(«Mnye li molodsú razoodálomu»)

Poem by Koltsóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Mili Balákireff


Allegretto
Voice
Piano
p
Young and bold am_ I,
quasi Oboe
p
Long to roam and_ rove,_ Will not spend my_youth Loung-ing by the stove.
Nev-er was I made For to till and_ sow,_ For to thrash the_grain,

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f energico

For to reap and mow,— I, so young and bold! Had I

f

to my need But a stur - dy steed And a dag - ger bright And dark

p *ppp*

woods, dark woods by night!

sf *r. h.* *pp*

poco rit. *a tempo*

p

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mf

Then I'd mount my_ horse, Don my Cos - sack_ dress,_

mf

Sword in hand I'd_ rove Far from care and_ stress;

Thro' dark for - ests' gloom Bold and free I'd_ ride,_

f pooo allarg.

I, a brave young lad, Known the coun-try wide!

a tempo

f pooo allarg.

mf *p*

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By the Window

(«Rastvoríl ya oknó»)

Poem by K. R.
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Piotr Ilyítch Tchaïkovsky
Op. 63, No. 2

Allegro

Voice

Piano

mf

f

To the win-dow I rushed, and I sank to my knees, And I wor-shipp'd the Spring and his

mf

p

pow - er; And I felt in my face the ca - ress of the breeze___ And the

mf

p

mf

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Poco meno mosso

p

scent of the li - lacs in flow - er. Thro' the si-lence of night

dolce

p

came the night-in-gale's song, And I lis-ten'd with rap-ture and yearn - ing;

mf

f

rit.

For my far - dis-tant home - land his voice made me long, Brought the

rit.

mf

p

mf Tempo Io

mem-'ries of child - hood re - turn - ing. For he

p

p

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sang like the bird ____ that I knew long a - go, Ere my

fate sent me forth ___ as a va - grant, ___ When he pour'd out his song ___

mf *f* *mf*

___ in a rav-ish-ing flow ____ On the branch of the li - lac so fra - grant.

rit. *rit.* *p* *mf* *rit.*

Tempo Io

f *rit.*

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Romeo and Juliet
(Romeo i Julietta)

DUET

for Soprano and Tenor, with Mezzo-Soprano *ad libitum*

English version by Sigmund Spaeth,
adapted from Shakespeare's
"Romeo and Juliet", Act III, Scene V

Piotr Ilyitch Tchaïkovsky
From an unfinished, posthumous work,
completed and orchestrated by
S. Tanéïeff

INTRODUCTION*

Andante non tanto, quasi moderato

Piano

'Cello *p*
Violas *r. h.*
Viol. II Viol. I
Horns I. II.
Bass
r. h.
poco accel.
cresc.
Horn I *f*
f
'Cello
espress.
Cl. II
p
Horn II
espress.
Bssn.
Cl. II. Viol. pizz.
Bssn.
Bass pizz.

**Allegro giusto

Horns III & IV
Viol. I & II div. e con sord.
pp
Harp
Viole div. e con sord.

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Fl.

*

Cl. Solo

pp

cresc.

Horn I.II

Horn III

Fl.I. in 8ve col Oboe

Andante (♩ = 80)**

Viol.

Oboe I

Clar.I

Bssn.I

p

Bssn.II
Bass

Horn I

cresc.

sf

dim.

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⊕ For performances without orchestra begin here.

* Romeo rises, intending to leave. ** Juliet bids him stay.

Duet

L'istesso tempo

Juliet

Love, 'tis not day, the night-in - gale is sing - ing;

L'istesso tempo*

Strings

p

then be not fear-ful. Night - ly she sings on

Romeo *p* *dim.*

No, not the night-in - gale.

Fl.

fp Clar.

Horn I

cresc.

Eng. Horn

Ped. *

pooo cresc. *mf*

yon-der pome-gran-ate, Be-lieve me, love, it is the night-in -

mf

No, not the night-in -

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p

and not the lark,

p

no, a - las,

3

Cl.II

the

3

Bsn.II

Horn

sf

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pooo cresc.

'tis the lark, the her - ald of the morn - ing,

pooo cresc.

mf

Love, wilt thou be

cresc.

who comes to greet the day!

mf

Look, love, it is the

nf

p

gone? Have no

pp

fear, 'tis not the

p

dawn, dear - - est

pp

love, 'tis the

ob.

p

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lark!

dawn. Look, love, what en - vious streaks there Do lace the

p *pooo cresc.*

marcato

Horn Solo

'Cello & Bass pizz

sev-'ring clouds in yon - der East! I must be

Oboe Eng. Horn

gone, for death a-waits my stay - ing.

dim.

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p

The jo - cund day stands on the moun - tain tops, the

Violas

Horn I

night is o'er. Fare - - well, I must be

Viol. I

Horn II

cresc.

Horn III

f

gone, love, for death a - waits my stay - ing.

p

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Poco più mosso

f

Be not fear - ful,— yon light is not the dawn! —

p

Poco più mosso

Ob.I

p

cresc.

A me-teor of the night — shines like a torch on thy way, my love; then

animando

Cl.I

p

poco a poco cresc.

Eng.Horn

'Celli

f

stay, — thou need-est not — be gone!

Cl.II

f

Horns

Bssn I

Bssn.II

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f risoluto

Then let me die! I care not!

p espress.

I am con-tent,

f

Timp.

Fl.

pp

Ob.I

Eng.Horn

Allegro giusto

p espress.

Ah, be -

so thou wilt have it so, then death is wel - come!

espress.

Allegro giusto

Viol.I & II div. e con sord.

Cl.I.II

Bssn.II

pp

Harp

Cello & Bass pizz.

lov - ed!

p

Yes, 'tis true, yon grey is not the morn, Yon light is not the

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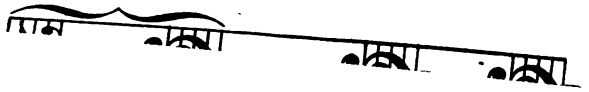

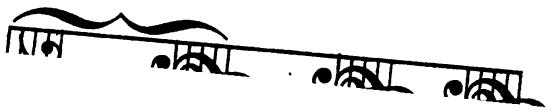

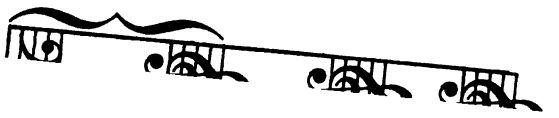

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love, stay, thou must not yet be gone, Faith-ful night, stay,

and with thy darkness hide our love!

Più mosso

Ah, 'tis the dawn!

Più mosso

Viol.I & II senza sord.

Flutes

Timp. Bass

I know it!

Yon light is not the day, no, no! Love,

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Andante

p dolce

'tis not day, the night-in-gale is sing - ing, Then be not fear - ful.

Andante

p *cresc.*

p *dim.*

No, not the night-in - gale.

Night - - ly she sings on

fp

Ped. *

mf

No, not the night-in -

poco cresc. *mf*

yon-der pome-gran- ate. Be-lieve me, love, it is _____ the night-in -

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p *dim.* *mf*

gale, no, a - las, 'tis the lark! No,

p *dim.*

gale and not the lark, not the lark!

'tis the lark, the her-ald of the morn - ing; the night is end - ed.

poco cresc.

p *poco cresc.*

No, 'tis the lark, the

p *dim.*

No, 'tis the night-in - gale!

sf *p*

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her - ald of the morn - ing, cresc. who comes to greet the day!

pooo cresc.

mf Look, love, it is the dawn, p dear - - est

mf No, ——— 'tis not the dawn, p dear - - est

p

pp love, 'tis the dawn!

Ⓔ Più mosso

Nurse (from outside) Ju - liet - ta! Ju - liet - ta!

pp love, 'tis not the dawn!

Più mosso

Oboe

Horns mf

Tpts

Timp.

Ⓔ fp fp

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Juliet

f

The nurse is call - ing!

Romeo *f*

Ah! _____ A-las!

cresc.

Nurse

f

My dear-est child, the

sf Tpts. *p*

day has come! I pray you haste, 'tis time that you should part. Your la-dy

Viol. pizz

'Cello pizz.

Tpts.

sf *p*

Juliet

moth - - er comes to give you greet-ing. Ah nurse, we'll

Tpts.

sf

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*) dawn.

heed thy warn-ing.

*) dawn.

f

Fare -

f

But one mo - - ment yet! Fare -

cresc.

well now, dear - - est! It is the hour of

well now, dear - - est! It is the hour of

Tpts.

ff

Timp.

Ped.

dim.

part - - ing!

part - - ing!

Horns

dim.

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Allegro giusto *pp*

Fare - well, thou night of lov - er's joy, Of rap - ture full, with -

pp

Fare - well, thou night of lov - er's joy, Of rap - ture full, with -

Allegro giusto

pp

Viol. I. II con sord.

Harp

Viole div. con sord.

out al - loy, Fare - well, each kiss and fond ca - ress, Fare - well, thou dream of

out al - loy, Fare - well, each kiss and fond ca - ress, Fare - well, thou dream of

hap - pi - ness! Why couldst thou not one mo - ment stay? Why must thou flee be -

hap - pi - ness! Why couldst thou not one mo - ment stay? Why must thou flee be -

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night, stay, and with thy dark - ness hide

p espr.

And now fare - well, my

our love! Now, a - las, the

Flute

love, a - las! the light of day Has come to

cresc.

light of day Comes to drive the night a - way.

Horn II *poco cresc.*

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a tempo

since thou hast con-quer'd night? 'Tis the

a tempo *f*

Ju - liet - ta! Be - lov - ed! Ju -

a tempo

hour, love, when we must say fare - well.

liet - ta! Love, fare - well! Fare -

p

p molto string. *cresc.* *f*

Be - lov - ed! Be - lov - ed! One last fare -

molto string. *f*

well! Fare - well! Fare - well, Ju -

molto string.

p 3 3 3 3 *cresc.*

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p

Fare - well!

p

(Romeo descends through the window)

Love, now fare thee well!

*8

Strings

'Cello

Bass

marcato

Bssn. I

p espress.

Ah, love, now fare thee well!

Fare - well!

Bssn. I

p

Fare - well, fare - well!

p

dim.

Fare - well!

dim.

pp

Fare -

English Horn

pp

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HYMN TO THE SUN

Air of the Queen of Shemakhá

(Piésn Shemakhánskoi tzarítzui "K'sólntzu")

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Deems Taylor

From the fairy opera
"The Golden Cockerel"
(Zolotói Pyetushók) by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff (1907

Allegro moderato

Voice

Piano

f

dim. poco a poco

The Queen of Shemakhá

dolce

Andantino (♩= 76)

To me give an - swer, sun clear -

poco rit.

molto rit.

pp

sight - ed! From east-ern lands you now re - turn; My own dear

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f *pocо rit. dim.* *molto rit.* *a tempo*

form_____ on purple leaves? His grace - - ful form_ on pur-ple leaves?

mf *pp molto rit.* *a tempo*

When in the eve - ning man - y a_ maid - en Comes to the

dolce

foun - tain with_ soft_ songs, Is still her heart with pas - sion

la - den, Dreaming of him for whom she_ longs? And comes at

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dim. *molto rit.* *a tempo* *dolce*

through_ her jeal - ous veil? And when blue

a tempo

pp *molto rit.*

night be - gins to_ dark - en, On si - lent feet to him_ she_

dolce

slips,— Does yet her pas - sion bid him heark - en Un-to the

pooo cresc.

vow up - on her_ lips? Does yet her pas - sion bid him hearken, does yet her

p pooo cresc.

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The Cloud and the Mountain

(Notchevála tōōtchka zolotáya)

Poem by M. Lérmontoff
English version by
Deems Taylor

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op. 3, No. 3 (1866)

Andante (♩= 69)

Voice

Piano

pp

p

Thro' the night a gold-en cloud-let rest - ed On a

lof - ty moun-tain, steep-ly crest - ed; Came the morn, and on a-gain she

drift - ed, Smil-ing to the sun with face up-

r.h.

l.h.

dim.

ppp

p

pp

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To César Cui

In Silent Woods

(V'tiómnoi róshtchye zamólk salavyéi)

Poem by Nikítin
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op. 4, No. 3 (1866)

Allegretto (♪ = 138)

Piano

pp

Ped.

Meno mosso

p

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poco più f

Soft - ly touched by the moon's ten-der kiss, How en - dear - ing-ly shimmers thy

Meno mosso

f pp p

Ped. *

f rit.

face! Could this night with its vi-sions of bliss On - ly last in e-ternal em-

f rit.

Tempo Iº

brace!

pp

Meno mosso.

p ppp

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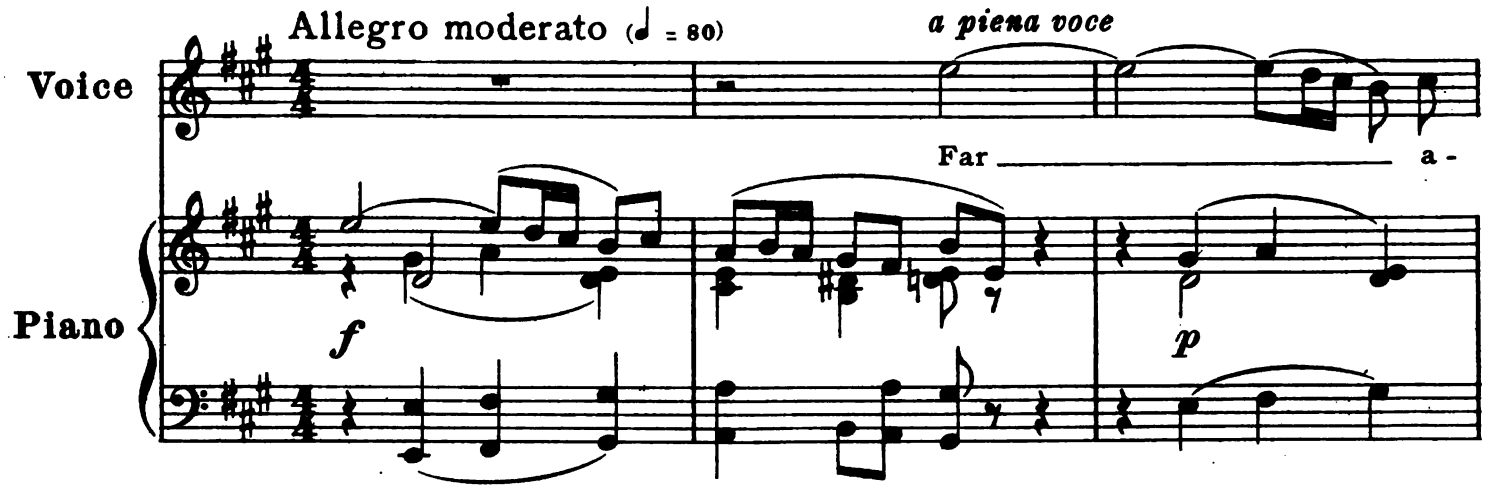
The Maid and the Sun

(Dyéva i Sólntze)

Poem by Maïkoff
From the New Greek Songs

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff. Op. 50, No. 1
(Composed 1897)


Allegro moderato (♩ = 80)
a piena voce
Voice
Piano
Far a -
f
p
way be - yond three o - ceans In a tow'r there sits a maid - en,
Thread-ing jing - ling duc - ats gold - en On fine threads of gleam-ing
mf

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sil - ver. Twelve the threads that she em - broi - ders For the joy of

her a - dorn - ment, Six and six for breast and tress-es; Then she

cresc.

calls un - to the sun - - - - - - - - light:

Meno mosso

"Sunlight, shine! for I am shining!

Tempo Io

Meno mosso

Sun, a-rise! for I have ris-en!

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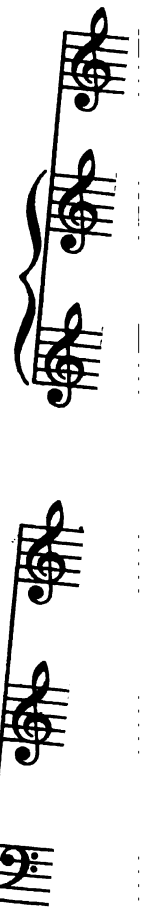

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EASTERN ROMANCE

"The Rose has charmed the Nightingale"

(Vostótchnui Románs: «Plenívshis rósoi, salavyéi»)

Poem by A. Koltzóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op.2, No.2 (Composed 1865)

Moderato

Piano

pp

l. h.

l. h.

l. h.

3

rit. pp

p dolce

The rose has charm'd the night-in - gale, By day and night he

a tempo

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tells the tale; The rose but hears in si - lent won-der.

p

pp

mf

Thus with his lyre a po - et sings To

mf

p

his young love most ten-der things; But oh! the maid can-not dis - cov-er For

p

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f *rit.* *pp*

whom the song, nor why his tune So sad-ly sounds be-neath the moon.

a tempo

f *pp rit.*

l.h. *l.h.* *l.h.*

3

rit. *ppp*

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Oxana's Song

(Aria Oksánui)

English version by
Deems Taylor

Music* by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
(Composed 1895)

Andante (♩ = 72)

Piano

p espressivo

p dolce

No, I nev - er shall find a new lov - er

pp legato assai

Half so fine as my old and true lov-er, One so ten - der and half so dear to me,

p

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*he op-

più f

So in-dul-gent, or half so kind. Would that ev - er he might be near to me!

sempre legato *p*

p

Such an - oth - er I'll nev-er find. Why did I not for-

pp

ev - er hold to him? Why was I so un - kind and cold to him? Come you back, oh my

poor, for-lorn lov-er, Quickly come to the maid who loves you so!

espress. *p* *p*

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p

Oft at mass he would come and gaze on me,

p

poco cresc.

While I mused and for - got to pray;_ Strange the tricks that my fan-cy plays on me

poco cresc.

mf espressivo

Since my dear lov-er went a - way. _ When I'm bus - y, I long and sigh for him,

mf

dim. *rit.*

When I'm i - dle, I mourn and cry for him, How I sigh for him! How I cry for him!

dim. *rit.*

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a tempo
dolce

No, I nev - er shall find a new lov-er Half so fine as my old and true lov-er.

a tempo

pp

He was so ___ ten-der and so good - hearted, He was so ___ lov-ing and so_ kind!_

p

Would that ev - er he___ Might be near to me!___

sempre legato assai

Such an-oth - er I'll nev-er_ find. Why did_ I___ not for-

pp

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ev - er_ hold to him? Why was I so un-kind and cold to him? Come you back, lad, ___

Come you back, lad, ___ To the maid who loves _____ you so! Come you back, lad, ___ To the maid who loves _____ you so!

rit. *a tempo* *a tempo* *rit.*

pooo a pooo rit.

back, ___ lad, dear___ lad, Come you back for - ev-er, dear-est lov - - er

pooo a pooo rit.

dim.

mine! _____

a tempo

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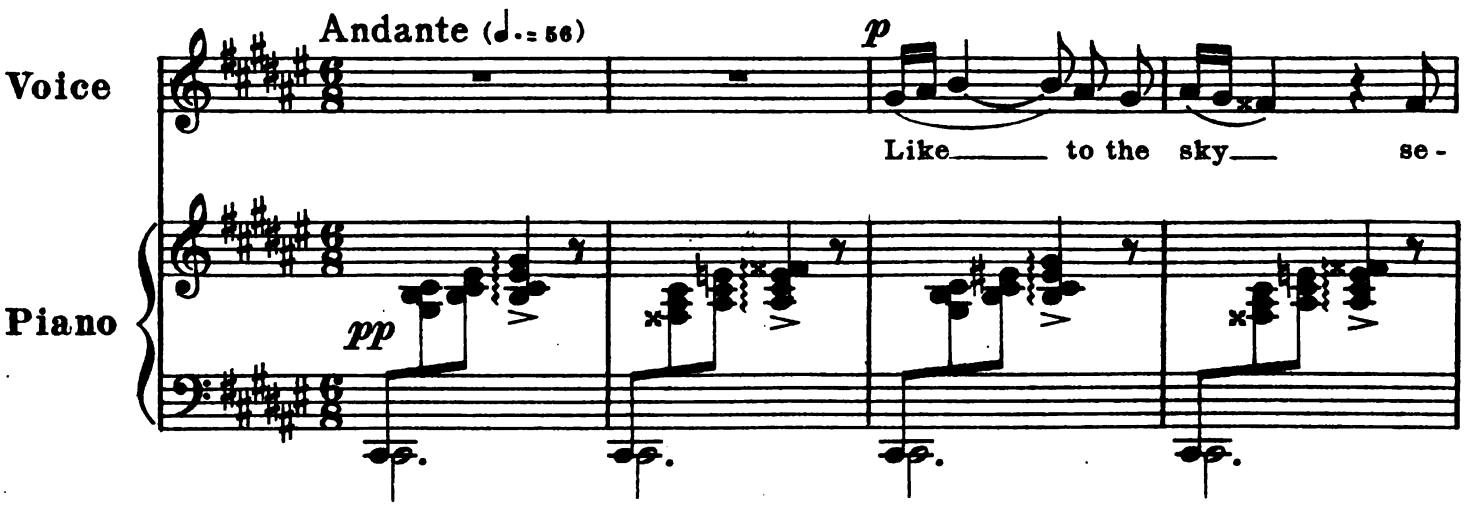
"Like to the sky serenely smiling"

("Kak nyebesá tvoi vzor blistáyet")

Poem by Lérmontoff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff. Op. 7, No. 4
(Composed 1867)



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guil - ing Thy young voice lures mine— ear.

mf

For one sweet word thy lips ha

r.h.3

f

chant-ing— glance, Would

Digitized by Google

p

Like to the sky se - rene - ly smil-ing,

l. h. *l. h.* *l. h.* *l. h.*

Thy glance is blue and clear; Like to a

l. h. *l. h.* *l. h.* *l. h.*

pp

kiss with soft be - guil-ing Thy young

l. h. *l. h.* *l. h.* *l. h.*

rit.

voice lures mine ear.

l. h. *rit.* *l. h.* *dim.*

p *ppp*

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The Song of the Bride

(Piésnia Lubáshi)

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

From the opera "The Tsar's Bride"
(Tsárskaya Nevyésta) Composed 1899
By Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff

Largo assai (♩= 48)

Voice (unaccomp.)

Help me, dear-est moth-er, to don my bri-dal gown; Soon they come to lead me be-
neath the mar-riage crown. I'll no long-er grieve thee, my woe I shall not tell; To my true be-
lov - ed I've said a last fare - well. Loose the band that now holds my silk - en
tress - es fast; Stretch me on my cold bed, that I may sleep at last.

(Interlude)

Piano

Voice (unaccomp.)

Wind a shroud of lin - en a - bout my snow-y breast, Cross my arms be - neath in their
pale, e-ter-nal rest; Light the wax-en ta - pers and place them at my
head; Call my gray old bride - groom and bring him to my bed.
May he stand in awe, may he won-der by my side,
As in vir - gin beau - - - ty sleeps his pal - lid bride.

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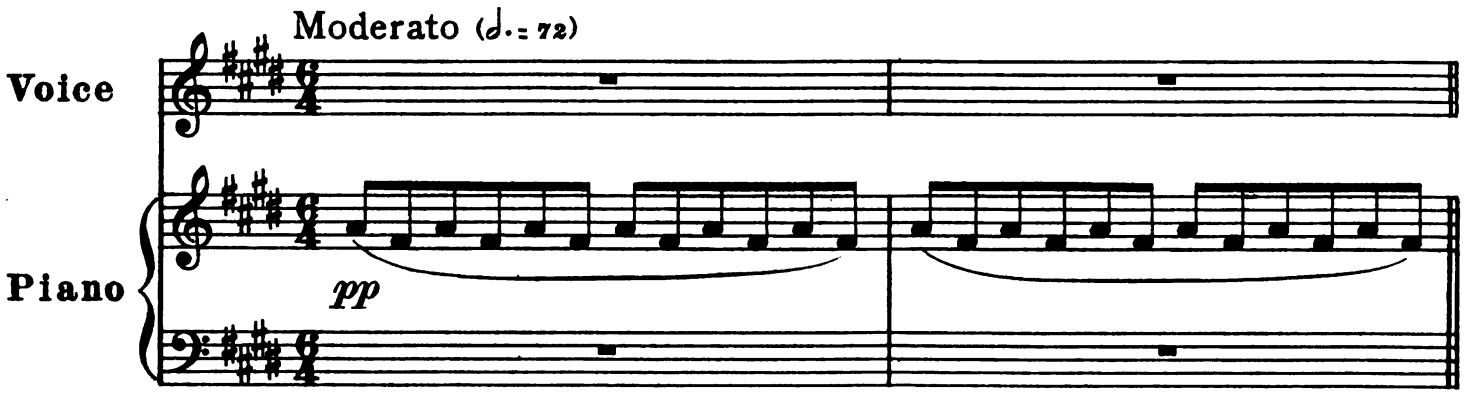
Sadko's Song of Glorification

(Velitchálnaya Pyésnya)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

From the dramatic legend
(Opera-Builína) "Sadko"
By Nikolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff (1896)


Moderato (♩. = 72)
Voice
Piano
pp
dolce
1. Blue is the o - cean, change - less and
2. Heav'n burns with sun - light, down here is
sempre legato
bound - less, Vast depths of wa - ter,
sun - light; Heav'n gleams with moon - light,

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più f

sun - less and sound - less. Vast realms of
down here is moon - light; Heav'n glows with

mf

p

o - cean, what man shall mea - sure?
star - light, down here is star - light;

pp

cresc.

Dark glow-ing cav - erns, em-'rald and a - zure, Who was your build - er?
Heav'n has its twi - light, down here is twi - light; Heav'n has its thun - der,

cresc. poco

Who is your mas - ter? 'Tis the do - main of the O - cean-King!
down here is thun - der: All that is force in the U - ni-verse!

f

dim.

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f

1-2. Glo - ry to the O - cean-King! Glo - ry to his Queen,so_ ra - diant!

f

Glo - ry to the Prin - cess_ Vol - kho - vá!

cresc.

sf

3. That sun that burns_ here, lo! 'tis the ar - dent King!

p

sempre legato

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That moon that gleams here, lo! 'tis the

ra - diant Queen! Those stars bril-liant-ly glow - ing,

p

lo! are the eyes of the Prin - cess! Lo! the

un poco marcato

pur-ple of twi - light, 'tis the smile of their fa - vor!

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Lo! the cloud of the tem - pest, 'tis the

frown of their an - ger!

f *dim.* *p*

f

Glo - ry to the O - cean-King! Glo - ry to his

mf

Queen, so ra - diant! Glo - ry to the Prin - cess Vol - kho -

Digitized by Google

- vá!

f

f

f

ff

Hail to thee, blue o - cean,— change - less and bound - - -

sf

f

- - - less!

sf

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Arabian Melody

(Arábskaya Melódia)

English version by
Deems Taylor and Geo. Harris, Jr.

Words and Music by
Alexandre Borodine

Allegro passionato (♩= 100)

Voice

Piano

p

dolce

Do not

poco rit.

dim.

r.h.

l.h.

Ped. *

Andante amoroso (♩= 66)

leave me, be - lov - ed! Oh, in dreams ap-pear to me!

p

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dolce

Let me know love's

p *dolce*

pooo rit.

sweet - est pas - sion for thee!

Allegro passionato

poco rit.

p

poco rit.

dim.

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Andante (♩ = 66)

poco più p

give me thy pit - y, I___ pray___ thee!_____ The___

mf

dolce

spell of thy beau - ty will___ slay___ me!_____ I am

p

p

pp *cresc.* *poco accel.* *f poco*

lost_____ in a sea of burn-ing pas - sion for thee! See, I

pp *cresc.* *poco accel.* *f*

allarg. *rit.* *allarg.* *assai ten.*

die, my be - lov - ed, if there be no hope for me,___

allarg. *rit.* *allarg.* *assai ten.*

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Tempo I°

Oh, to die! Death were

p

pocco rit. e dim.

sweet - - er,— death from pas - sion for

pocco rit. e dim.

Allegro passionato (♩ = 100)

thee!

p

dim.

r.h.

l.h.

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Over the Steppe

(Styépyu idōō ya ōōnúiloyu)

Poem by A. Pleshtchéïeff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchanínoff
Op. 5, No. 1

Andante (♩ = 52)

Voice

Piano

p

poco marc.

f

Sad lies the Steppe in its sol-i-tude; Night comes on shad - ow-y

pp

wings; Nev - er a tree nor a flow-er-let,

p sempre

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Nev - er a night-in-gale sings. Dark - ly the night knits her som-bre brow,

lugubre *mf*

No - where a star___ in the skies. Hard - ly I know__ why so

pocco string. *pocco string. e cresc.*

p *mf*

sud-den - ly Vi - sions of thee now a - rise:

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ff con libertà

Vi - sions of thee,

a tempo

my be - lov - èd one,

a tempo

dolce

ff *colla parte*

mf

mf

Lim - pid and fair as the day;

p

Smil - ing up - on me thine

p

pp

cresc. poco

cresc. poco a poco

3

im - age brings

Bright - ness that pierc - es the gray.

a poco

Digitized by Google

ff

Comes now the song of the night - in-gale, Melt - ing a - way like a

f

p

sigh; Flow - ers are nod - ding ca - ress - ing - ly,

dim.

pp

molto rit.

a tempo

Stud - ded with stars is the sky.

molto rit.

a tempo

mf

8

pooo rit. e dim.

pp

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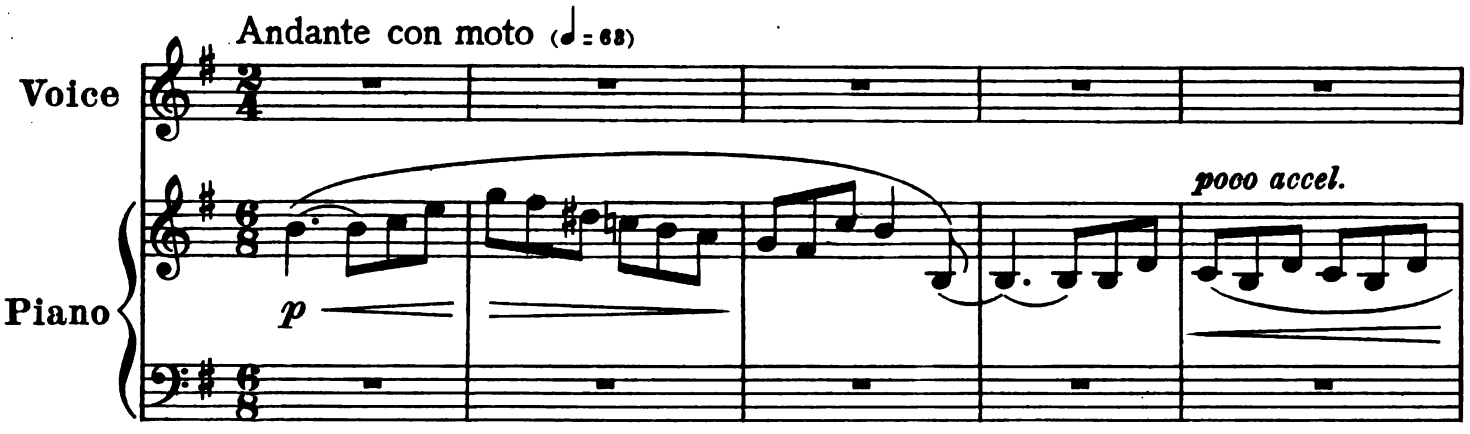
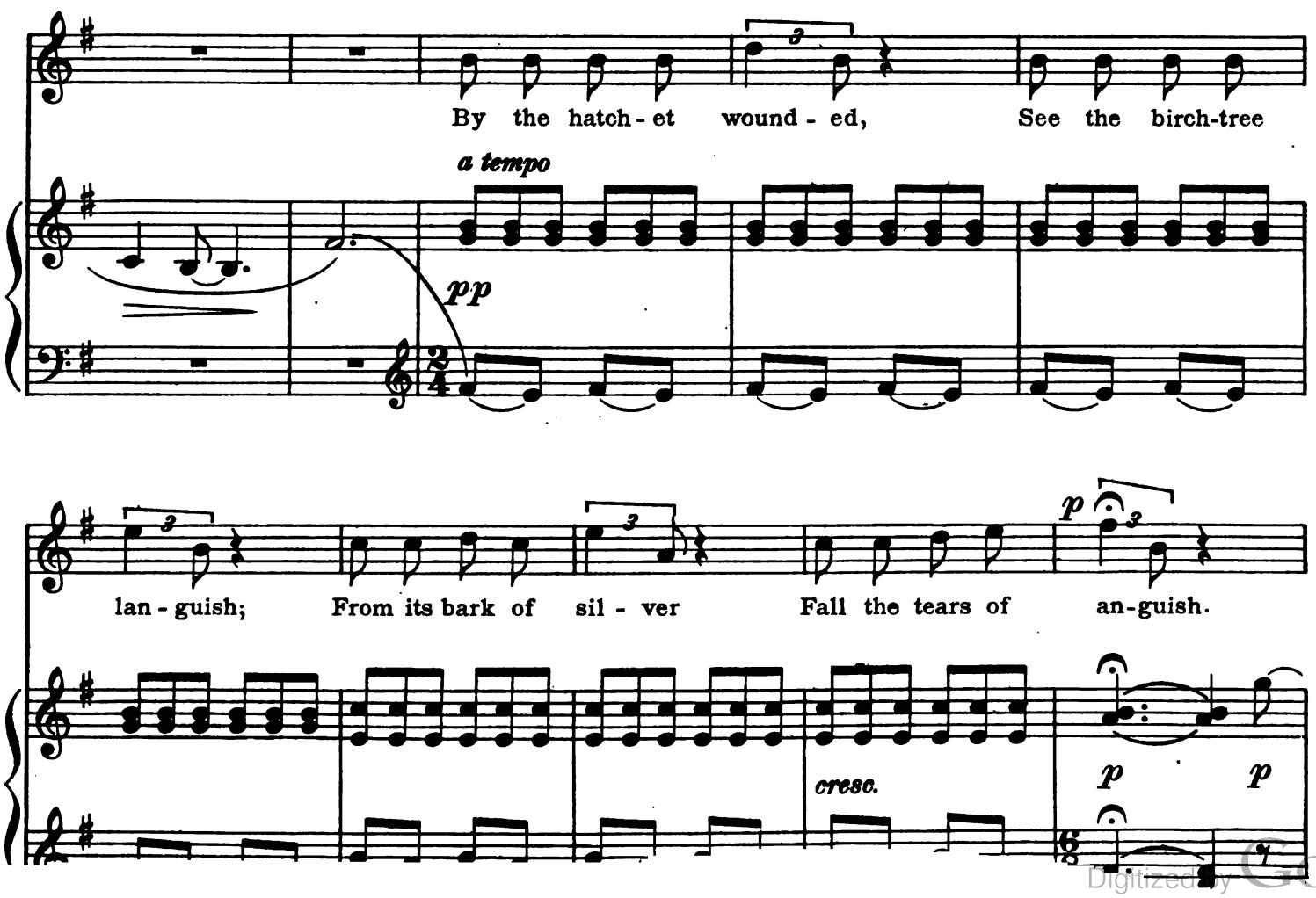
The Wounded Birch

(Óstroyu syekéēroi)

Poem by Count Alexis Tolstóï
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchanínoff
Op. 1, No. 2

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p3

Do not weep, do not weep, O birch-tree, Cease thy mourn-ful

mf

cry - - ing! Sum-mer soon will heal thee; Birch, thou art not dy - ing!

p

rit.

a tempo

In thy lof-ty glo - ry Thou shalt greet the mor - row.— But a heart once

mf

rit.

a tempo

pp

wound - ed Fades be-neath its sor - row.

un poco sfz

p

mf

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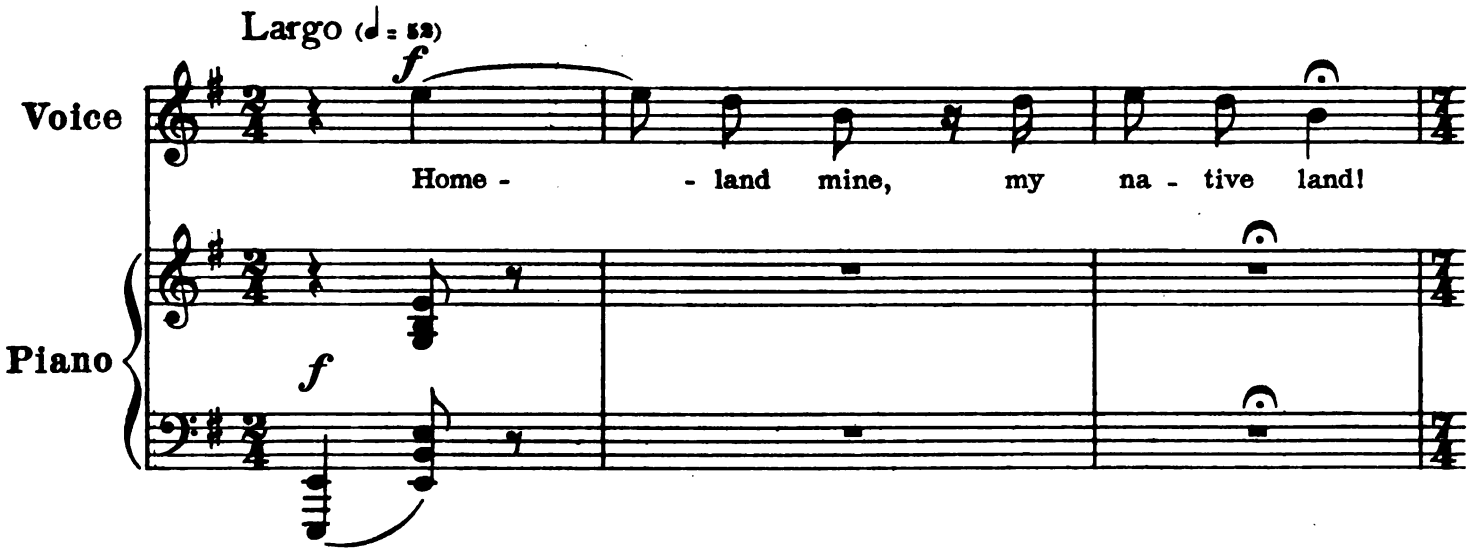
My Native Land

(Kraï tui moï)

Poem by Count Alexis Tolstóï
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchaninoff
Op. 1, No. 4


Largo (♩ = 52)
Voice
Piano
Home - land mine, my na - tive land!
Allegro (♩ = 126)
Beat - ing hoofs of hors - es, Scream of ea - gles in the sky,
Howl of wolves in win - ter!

Digitized by Google

Largo

ff

Hi! thou na - tive land of mine!

f

Allegro moderato e tranquillo

p

Dream - ing vir - gin for - ests, Mid - night songs of night - in - gales,

p

Più animato

p molto cresc.

ff

Wind - - swept fields and mead - ows!

fp

sff *sff*

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Cradle-Song

(Koluibélnaya)

Poem by A. Lérmontoff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchanínoff
Op. 1, No. 5

Andante con moto (♩ = 58)

Voice

Piano

p

Sleep, my dar - ling,— sleep, my star - ling,

a tempo

p rit.

pp sempre legato

Bye, my ba - by, bye,— Bye, my ba - by, bye! Soft - ly glis - tens

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Moon, and lis - tens, From the lof - ty sky.

cantabile

dim.

Cra - dle swing - eth, Moth - er sing - eth, Fair - ies ga - ther nigh;

ten.

p

Eyes are fall - ing, Dreams are call - ing: Bye, my ba - by, bye! Bye -

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

a tempo

p rit.

bye, lul - la - by.

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo* *ten. a piacere*

a tempo *a tempo*

rit.

pp *smorz.* *ppp*

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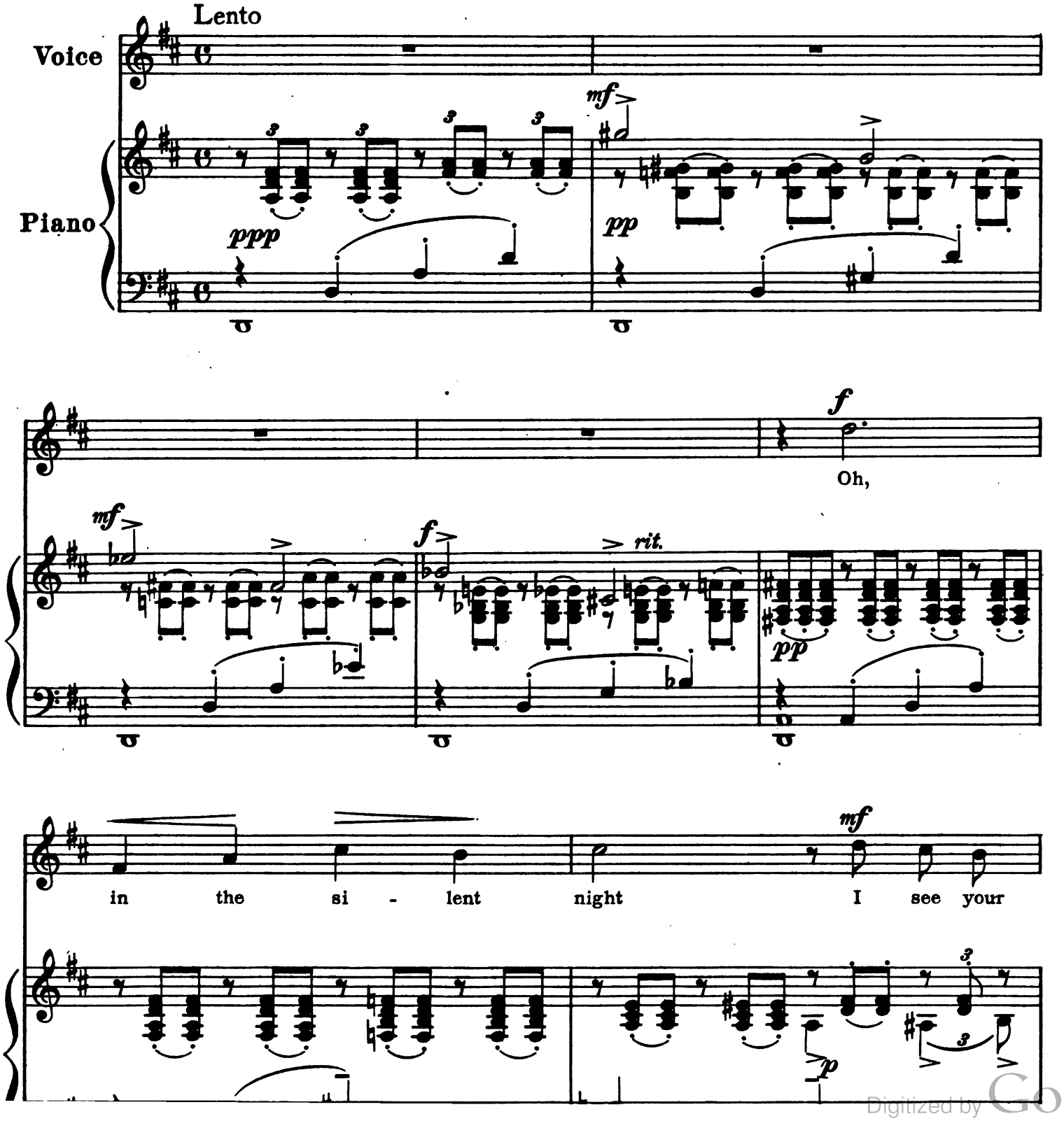
In the Silence of Night

(V' moltchányi nótchi táïnoi)

Poem by Fet
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 4, No. 3

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your hair in flow - ing strands of black: How oft I bid you

pp *mf*

cresc. *f*

go, how oft I call you back!

f

pp *con moto*

The phras - es of the past a- -

con moto

dim. *p*

r. h. *l. h.*

pp

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cresc.

-new I try to fash - ion, I whis - per and re-call the

cresc.

f

words that voiced our pas - - sion; Wild and de-spair-ing,

f

cresc. e rit.

I sum-mon past de-light, With your be - lov - ed name I

cresc. e rit.

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fff

wake the si - lent night! With your be - lov - - ed

l. h.

fff *fff* *fff*

dim.

name I wake the si - lent

più vivo *mf*

night! Oh,

p più vivo

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The Isle

(Ostrovók)

Poem by Konstantín Bálmont
(after Shelley)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninofí
Op. 14, No. 2

Lento

Voice

Piano

mf

Far out at sea an is - land lies, With gen-tle slopes and flow-'ring masses,

p *legato*

p

And mead-ows gay with but - ter - flies And vio-lets and sweet grass-es.

più decrescendo e più rallentando

mf *p* *ten.*

A-bove spread leaf - y can - o - pies, With scarce a rip-ple stirs the o - cean,

mf

p

p

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mf *p*

Like dream-ing sta-tues stand the trees, With nei-ther sound nor mo-tion.

dim.

pp

Here Na-ture ev-er seems to smile,_ No storms a - rise, no winds come sweeping;

pp

Meno mosso

p *ten.* *mf*

So lies there tran-quil-ly the isle,_____ For - ev - er

pp

pp *rit.*

calm-ly sleep-ing.

a tempo

rit.

pppp

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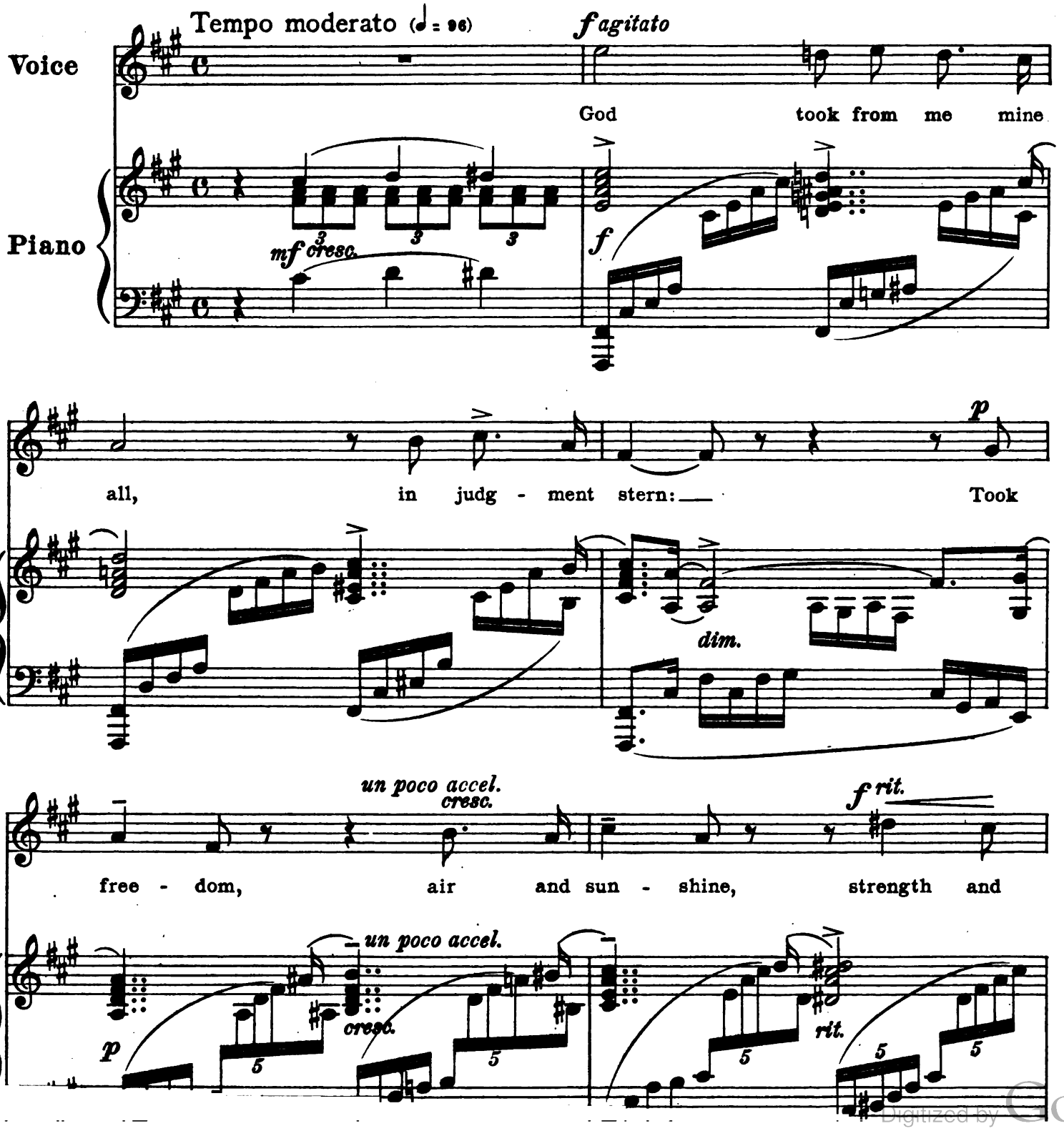
"God Took from Me Mine All"

(«Vsyo ótnyal o͞o͞ minyá»)

Poem by Fyódor Tyútcheff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 26, No. 2

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a tempo
ff
health.
a tempo
f
mf
Ped.
mf più commodo
Lo, thee a - lone He left, my on - ly
p
Ped.
p sempre rit.
wealth, So that I still to Him in prayer
dim.
sempre rit.
colla parte
ten.
may turn.
l.h.
7
mf
r.h.
r.h.
l.h.
dim. e rit.
pp
Ped.

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The Soldier's Bride

(«Poloobéela ya na petchál svayú»)

Poem by A. Pleshtchéïeff
(after the Little-Russian of Shevtchénko)
English version by
Deems Taylor and Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 8, No. 4

Adagio sostenuto

Voice

Piano

mf

To my sor - row I fell in love with him, With a

p

poor or-phan, home - less and pen - ni - less. Such the fate that

f

mf

now has be-fall - en me! Now the hand of man has di -

p

f con moto

p

mf con moto

3

Digitized by Google

ff

vid - ed us;—— Far a - way they— dragg'd him to

f

Meno mosso

f

serve the Tsar.— As a sol-dier's wife all a-lone am I,

p

mf rit.

I shall end my days in a stran - ger's house:

f

Digitized by Google

ff ten. mf ten. mf

Such the fate_ that now_ has be-fall - en me! Ah!_____

p p

Ah!_____

rit. p

rit. pp ppp

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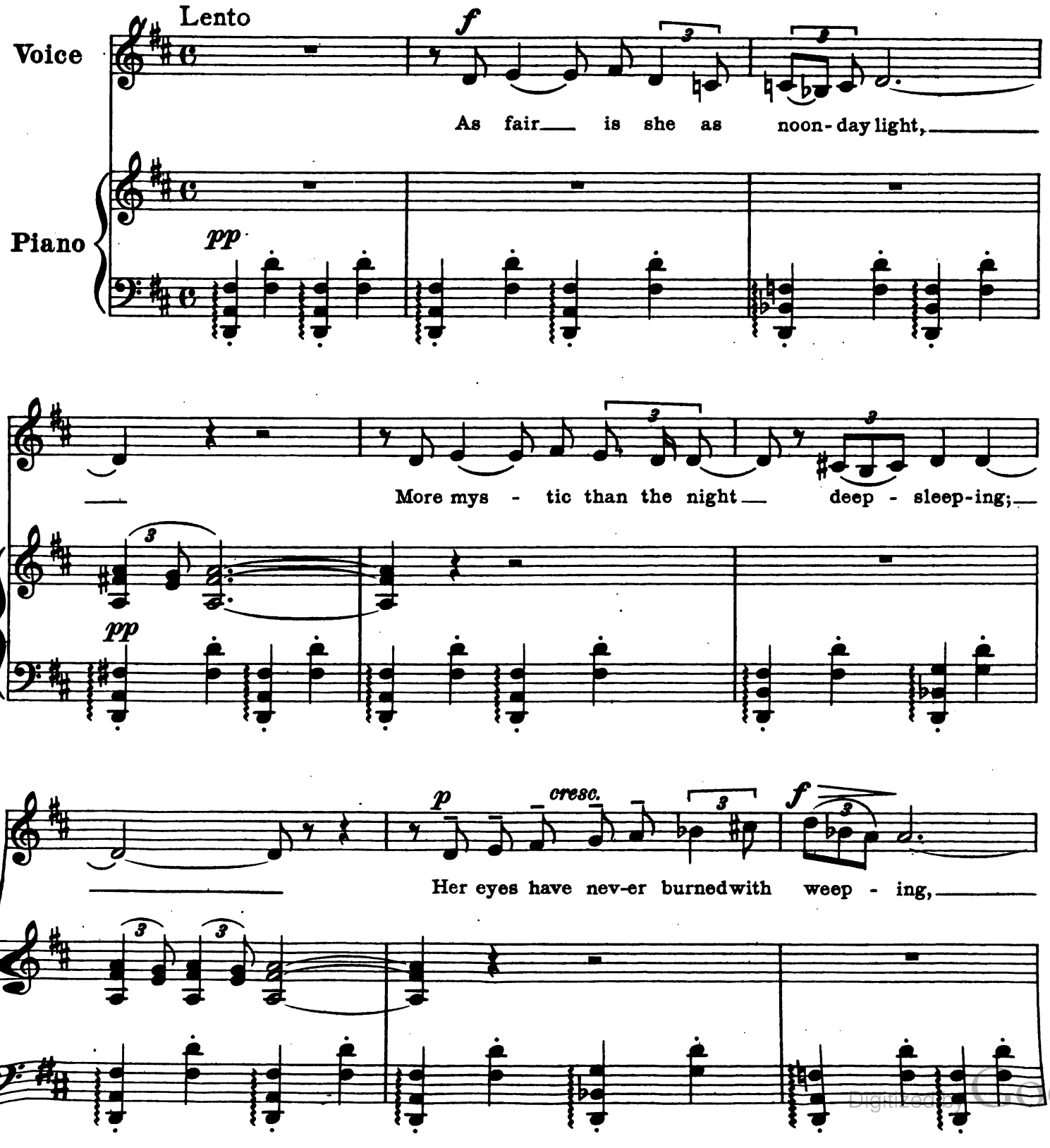
"As Fair is She as Noonday-Light"

(«Aná, kak póldyen, kharashá»)

Poem by N. Minsky
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 14, No. 9

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p cresc. f

Her soul has felt no sor - row's blight.

mf

In vain

sfz pp r.h. l.h. Ped.

f 3 p

I vow her my de - vo - tion, In

pp

cresc. ff mf

vain my heart yearns ev - er - more; Oh!

cresc.

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rit.

accel. rit.

pp cresc.

p f dim.

a tempo

Thus, weep-ing, woos__ the rest-less

pp cresc.

Ped.

p

o - cean

mf

The ev - er si - - -

pp

ff

- - lent, pla-cid shore.

pp sffz p

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The Songs of Grusia

(«Nye poi, krasávitza»)

Poem by Púshkin
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 4, No. 4

Allegretto

Piano

pp

f *ten.* *dim.* *p*

Sing not, O fair Cir - cas - sian maid, The old Gru - se - nian songs, love -

sf

pp

rit. *ppp*

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ten.

haunt - ed; They on - ly fill my soul with dreams

pp

mf

p

Of dis - tant shores

sf

pp

Meno mosso

and life un-daunt - ed.

mf

p

cresc.

A - las! thy wild songs

Digitized by Google

f Tempo I°

tear my heart,—— Their notes with mem - o - ries are la - - den Of

mf

pp *rit.* *ten.*

plains, of nights be-neath the moon With my be-lov - ed, long - lost maid - en!...

rit. *colla voce*

Meno mosso

mf

Such

Tempo I° *cresc.*

vi - sions, mem-'ries of my youth,—— I ban - - ish,

mf *f*

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see - ing thee be-fore me. But now thy song

f *ff* *f* *ff*

un - locks the past, And once a - gain the spell is

dim. *sf*

o'er me. Sing not, O fair Cir - cas - sian

f *ten.* *p* *mf* *p* *sf*

maid, The old Gru - se - nian songs, love - haunt - ed; They on - ly

dim. *pp* *p*

Digitized by Google

pp

fill my soul with dreams Of

ppp

dis - tant shores and life un - daunt - ed.

mf

ppp

pppp

mf

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"The Lord is Risen"

(«Christós voskrés»)

Poem by
Dmitri S. Mereshkóvsky
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Sergéï Rachmaninoff
Op. 26, No. 6

Moderato (♩ = 58)

Voice

Piano

mf p mf

"The Lord is ris'n!" His praise is ring-ing, But in my

mf p pp mf mf

soul is naught but shame. Blood fills the world and tear-drops

p Meno mosso

mf p cresc. f

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sting-ing, And at the al - tar this loud sing-ing Seems like an in - sult to His

ff *cresc.* *ff* *f*

name. And should He choose the

dim. *mf* *dim.* Tempo Io *pp* *pp*

wor - thy from us Who should e - ter - nal light at - tain, He

cresc. *f* *un poco cresc.* *mf*

Più vivo

would but find Hate has o'er-come us And broth-ers wran-gle, to His pain;

cresc. *ff*

p *cresc.* *f*

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mf cresc. ff dim.

And should He come to where is ring-ing "The Lord is ris'n" from one and all,

p cresc. ff

ff pooo a pooo rit. dim. f Tempo Io

Be-fore the host what tear-drops sting - - ing Would fill His sad

f pooo a pooo rit. pesante ff f cresc.

cresc. ff dim.

eyes, at our fall!

ff mf

f p rit. mf perdendo pp

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